God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends,
Prin. God keep me frō ſuch falſe friends, but they were none
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo.M. God bleſſe your grace, with health & happy daies,
Prin. I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L.Ha.*
Buck. And in good time here comes the ſweating Lord.
Prin. Welcome my L. what, will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion God he knowes not I,
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? L. Cardinall, will your Grace
Perſwade the Queen to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his princely brother preſently?
If ſhe denie, L. Haſtings goe with him,
And from her iealous armes pluck him perforce.
Car. My L. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuarie: not for all this land
Would I be guiltie of ſo great a ſinne.
Buck. You are too ſenſeleſſe obſtinate my L.
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe of this age,
You breake not Sanctuarie in ſeazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerued the place
And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of ſanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord, you ſhall ouerrule my minde fo
Come on Lord Haſtings, will you go with me?
Haſt. *I* go my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Haſt.*
Pri. Good Lords make all the ſpeedie haſt you
Say Vncle Gloceſter, if our brother come, (may
Where ſhall we ſoiourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkſt beſt vnto your royall ſelfe:
If I may counſel you, ſome day or two,
Your highneſſe ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe & ſhalbe thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.
Pri. *I* do not like the Tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæſar build that place my Lord?
Buck. *He* did, my gracious L. begin that place,
Which ſince ſucceeding ages haue reedefied.
prin. *Is* it vpon record, or els reported
Succeſciuely from age to age he built it?
Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin. But ſay my Lord it were not regiſtred,
Me thinks the truth ſhould liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all poſteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wiſe ſo yong, they ſay do neuer liue lon
prin. What ſay you Vncle?
Glo. *I* ſay, without Characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That Iulius Cæſar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit ſet downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conqueſt of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Couſen Buckingham.
Buck. What my gratious Lord?
Prin. And if *I* liue vntill I be a man,